

Wing. 53842 THE
POLITITIAN, 209
A
TRAGEDY,

Presented at Salisbury Court
BY HER
MAJESTIES SERVANTS;

WRITTEN
By JAMES SHIRLEY.

LONDON,

Printed for *Humphrey Moseley* and are to be
sold at his Shop at the *Princes Armes* in *St.*
Pauls Church-yard. 1655.

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1203
and

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LONDON

Printed for J. Smith, 1849, and are to be
sold at his Shop, in Pall Mall, London, W.
Pall Mall, London, W. 1849



To the very much Honored
WALTER MOYLE, Esq;

SIR,

THough the severity of the times took away those dramatique recreations (whose language so much glorified the English scene) and perhaps looking at some abuses of the common Theaters, which were not so happily purg'd from scurrility, and under-wit, (the onely entertainment of vulgar Capacities) they have outed the more noble and ingenious actions of the eminent stages. Therage yet hath not been Epidemicall, there are left many lovers of this exiled Poësie, who are great Masters of reason, and that dare conscientiously own this musicall part of Humane learning, when it is presented without the stains of impudence and profanation.

Among these persons, sir you deserve an honorable inscription. For my own part; this is the last which is like to salute the publique view in this-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

kind, and I have onely to say, that I Congratulate my own happinesse to conclude with so judicious a Patron.

To make a doubt of your fair receiving this piece: were to dishonor your Character, and make myself undeserving. Read at your leisure, what is humbly presented to your eye and judgment, while I preserve my confidence in your vertue and good thoughts upon

Sir,

218



The most humble honorers
of your worth

JAMES SHIRLEY

The

The names and small Characters
of the Persons.



King of Norway, easie and credulous in his nature, and passionately doting upon Queen *Marpisa*.

Gotharus, the polititian, active to serve his pleasures and ambition, a great favo-

rite of the Queen.

Turgesius, the Prince, of a gallant disposition, and honoured by the souldier.

Duke *Olaus*, the Kings Uncle, old, chole-rique and distast'd with the Court-proceedings, disaffected to *Gotharus*, and the Queen, but resolute, and faithfull to the Prince.

Haraldus Son to *Marpisa*, young, of a sweet and noble disposition, whom *Gotharus* would form more bold, and ambitious for the greatness he had design'd.

Reginaldus }
Aquinas } Captaines.

Hormenus }
Cortes } two honest Courtiers.

Sueno } a couple of Court-Parasites,
Helga }
Souldiers.
Rebells.
Attendants.

Marpisa the Queen, a proud subtle and revengefull Lady, from the widow of Count *Altomarus*, advanc'd to royall condition, by the practise of her creature and confident, *Gotharus*.

Albina, wife to *Gotharus* a vertuous but suffering Lady, under the tyranny of an imperious, and disloyall husband.

Scene Norway.

THE



THE POLITITIAN.

ACT. I.

Enter Cortes and Hormenus.

Cor.

IT was a strange and suddaine marriage.

H. Could he not love her for the game, and so forth,

But he must thus exalt her? no lesse title

Then Queen, to satisfie her ambition?

Co. 'Tis a brave rise!

H. I did not prophesie,

When the honest Count her husband *Altomarus* liv'd, she would bring us on our knees.

Co. I hope

She'l love the King for't.

H. And in his absence,

Gotharus the Kings Minion, her old friend,

He has done this royall service; beside, what

Rests on accompts in her old husbands dayes.

A 4.

I

I do suspect her Son *Haraldus* was
Got with more heat, and blood, then *Altomarus*
Age could assure her, but hee's dead.

Co.—Be with him;

Although I wo't make oath for her chastity,
That boyes good nature is an argument
To me, *Gotharus* had no share in him:
Hee's honest, of a gentle disposition,
And on my Conscience does pray sometimes.

Enter Gotharus reading a Letter. (*news*

Ho. No more, we have a Wolfe by'th'care, what
From Hell? he cannot want intelligence, he has
So many friends there---he's displeas'd, there is
Some goodness in that Letter, I will pawne
My head, that makes him angry.

*Enter some with Petitions, Gotharus frowns upon
em, they returne hastily.*

How his frown
Hath scatterrd 'em like leaves, they fly from him
As nimble, as their bodies had no more weight
Then their Petitions; I would give an eye-tooth,
To read but three lines.

Go. Curse upon his victory!

I meant him not this safety, when I wrought
The King to send him forth to warre, but hop'd
His active spirit would have met some engine
To have translated him to another world;
He's now upon return.

Exit.

Ho. Would I had but
The harrowing of your skull; my genius gives me,
That Paper is some good news of the Prince,
I would I knew it but concern'd him.

Co. 'Twas

My wonder, the King would send his Son abroad

To

To warres, the onely pledge of his succession.

Ho. He had a Councillor, this Politician,
That would prefer the Prince to Heaven, a place
His Lordship has no hope to be acquainted with;
The Prince, and his great Uncle Duke *Olaus*,
Would not allow these pranks of State, nor see
The King betray'd to a Concubine;
Therefore it was thought fit they should be engag'd
To forraigne dangers.

Enter Albina, and her waiting woman.

'Tis Madam *Albina*,
Our great mans wife.

Co. The King did seem to affect her,
Before he married her to his favorite.

H. Dost think she's honest?

Co. Ile not stake my soul on't,
But I believe she is too good for him,
Although the King and she have private conference.

H. She looks as she were discontent. *Exit Al.*

Co. She has cause
In being *Gotharus* wife, some say she lov'd him
Most passionately.

H. 'Twas her destiny;
She has him now, and if she love him still,
'Tis not impossible she may be a Martyr,
His proud and rugged nature will advance
Her patience too't.

Enter Helga and Sueno.

Hel. Avoid the Gallery. (*don:*

Su. The King is coming, oh my Lord, your par-

Ho. Nay we must all obey.

Co. I near lik'd
This fellow.

H. He is one of fortunes Minions;

The Polititian.

The love of the choice Ladyes of the Landry,
That's one that draws in the same team, but more
Inclin'd to'th Knave; he is a kind of Pendant
To the Kings ear, an everlasting parasite :
The King? *Albina* return'd with him.

Exit.

Enter King and Albina.

K. Leave us.

Y'are most unkind to your self in my opinion,
You know well who I am, and what I have
Advanc'd you too; neither in virgin state
Nor marriage, to allow your King a favour ?

Al. Sir, let the humble duty of a subject,
Who shall with zealous prayers solícite heaven
For you, and your fair Queen---

K. Had you been wife,
That might have been your Title, but the God
Of love had with his Arrow so engraven
Gotharus in your heart ; you had no language
But what concern'd his praise, scarce any thought
At liberty ; I did imagine, when
I had compassion of your sufferings,
And gave thee a fair Bride to my *Gotharus*,
You would not lose the memory of my benefit,
But (now in state, and nature to reward it)
Consented to returne me love.

Al. Be pleas'd
To excuse the boldnesse of one question.

K. Be free *Albina*.

Al. Do not you love my husband ?

K. There wants no testimony, beside the rest,
My giving thee to him, dear to my thoughts,
Is argument I love him.

Al. Would you take
Me back agen? you but betraid his faith,
And your own gift, to tempt me to forsake him.

K.

K. You are more apprehensive, if you please
He shall possesse you still, I but desire
Sometimes a neere and loving conversation,
Though he should know't, considering how much
I may deserve, he would be wise enough
To love thee near the worse; he's not the first
Lord that hath purchas'd offices by the free
Surrender of his wife to the Kings use,
'Tis frequent in all common-wealths to lend
Their play-fellows to a friend.

Al. Oh do not think
Gotharus can be worth your love, to be
So most degenerate, and lost to honour;
You have a *Queen*, to whom your vow is sacred,
Be just to her, the blessing is yet warm
Pronounc'd by holy Priest, stain not a passion
To wander from that beauty, richer far
Then Mine; let your souls meet and kiss each other,
That while you live, the examples of chaste love
(Most glorious in a King and *Queene*) we may
Grow up in vertue by the spring of yours,
Till our top-boughs reach heaven.

Ki. You are resolved then
We must be strangers, should my life depend
On the possession of your bosome, I
Should languish and expire, I see.

Al. Good heaven
Will not permit the King want so much goodness,
To think the enjoying of forbidden pleasure
Could benefit his life, rather let mine
Ebbe at some wound, and wander with my blood
By your command ta'ne from me, on my knee---

K. Rise, I may kiss Albina---

Go. Ha!

Enter Gotharus.

K. 'Thas shot
Another flame into me, come you must--

Alb. What ?

K. Be a woman, do't, or ile complain.

Alb. To whom?

K. Thy husband.

Go. Horror !

K. Think upon't.

Exit.

Al. What will become of miserable *Albina*?

Like a poor Deere pursu'd to a steep precipice,
That overlooks the Sea, by some fierce hound ;
The lust of a wild King doth threaten here,
Before me, the neglects of him I love,
Gotbarus my unkind Lord, like the waves,
And full as deafe affright me.

Go. How now Madam?

Come, can you kifs?

Alb. Kifs fir?

Go. What difference

Between his touch and mine now ? his perhaps
Was with more heat, but mine was soft enough.
What has he promis'd thee, but that's no matter,
Thou wo't be wise enough to make thy bargain,
If ather all, onely the King shall give it
A name, he'l make it master of a Province.

Al. What means my Lord:

Go. Thou thinkst I am jealous now, not I, I knew
Before he doated on thee, and it is
To be presum'd, having a veile to hide
Thy blushes, (I do mean our marriage)
Thou maist find out some time to meet, and mingle
Stories and limbs, it may be necessary ;
And 'cause I will be dutifull to the King,
We will converse no more abed, ile be
Thy husband still *Albina*, and weare my buds
Under my haire close like a prudent Statesman ;
But 'twere not much amisse, as I advis'd
Before, and these new premises consider'd,

You

You appear abroad with a less train, your Wardrobe
Will make you more suspected, if it be
Too rich; and some whole dayes to keepe your
Chamber, (tain.

Will make the King know where to find you cer-
Al. Will you have patience my Lord to hear me?

Go. The world doth partly think thee honest too,
That will help much, if you observe good rules
And dyet, without tedious progresses,
And visiting of Ladies, expert in
Night Revels, Masks, and twenty other torments
To an estate; your Doctors must be left too,
I wo't not pay a fee to have your pulse
Felt, and your hand roll'd up like wax, by one
Whose footcloth must attend, while he makes leggs,
And every other morning comes to tell
Your Ladyship a story out of *Aretine*,
That can set you a longing for diseases,
That he may cure you, and your waiting-woman,
Whose curiosity would taste your Glister,
Commend the operation from her stomach.
Should you be sick, and sick to death, I wo'd
Not counsell you to physick; women are
Fraile things, and should a cordiall miscarry,
My conscience would be arraign'd, and I
Might be suspected for your poisoner:
No, no, I thank you, y'are in a fine course
To ease me wise; or if you must be loose,
I'th spring and fall, let the King bear the charges.
He will, if you apply your selfe.

Al. I am wretched;
Why do you without hearing thus condemn me?
The Lady lives not with a purer faith
To her lov'd Lord, then I have; nor shall greatness,
Nor death it selfe, have power to break it.

Go. Come,

These are but painted teares, leave this, have you
Prepar'd your last accompts?

Al. They are ready sir;
Never was Lady flav'd thus like *Albina*,
A stipendary, worse, a servile steward,
To give him an accompt of all my expences.

Go. I'll have it so in spite of customes heart,
While you are mine; accountless liberty
Is ruine of whole families: now leave me, *Exit Al.*
We may talk more anon, I have observ'd
This privacy before, search here *Gotharus*, (ring
'Tis here from whence mutinous thoughts conspi-
With witty melancholly, shal beget
A strong born mischief. I'll admit she be
Honest, I love her not, and if he tempt her
To sinne, that's paid him back in his wives loosness;
From whom I took my first ambition,
And must go on, till we can sway the Kingdom,
Though we clime to't o're many deaths. I first
Practise at home, my unkindness to *Albina*,
If she do love me must needs break her heart.

Enter Haraldus.

Ha. My honour'd Lord.

Go. Most dear *Haraldus* welcome,
Preciously welcome to *Gotharus* heart.

Ha. The Queen my mother, sir, would speake
with you.

Go. How excellently do those words become thee,
'Tis fit *Haraldus* Mother be a Queene,
Th'art worth a princely fate; I will attend her.

Ha. Ile tell her so.

Go. 'Tis not an office for you.

Ha. It is my duty sir, to wait upon
My mother.

Go. Who i'th Court is not your servant?

You

You doe not exercise command enough,
You are too gentle in your fortunes sir,
And weare your greatnesse, as you were not born
To be a Prince.

Ha. My birth sure gave me not
That title, I was born with the condition
To obey, not govern.

Go. Do not wrong those Starres,
Which early as you did salute the world,
Design'd this glorious fate; I did consult,
And in the happy minute of thy birth,
Collect what was decreed in heaven about thee.

Ha. Those books are 'bove my reading, but what
E're my stars determine of me, 'tis but late
I heard my mother say, you are on earth,
To whom I am most bound for what I am:

Go. 'Tis a shrewd truth, if thou knew'st all.

Ha. You have
Been more a father then a friend to us.

Go. Friend to thy Mother, I confess in private,
The other follows by a consequence, (*aside.*)
A father my *Haraldus*? I confess
I was from thy nativity inclin'd
By a most strange and secret force of nature,
Or sympathy to love thee like my owne;
And let me tell thee, though thy mother had
Merit enough to engage my service;
Yet there was something more in thee consider'd,
That rais'd my thoughts, and study to advance
Thee to these pregnant hopes of state, methinks
I see thee a King already.

Ha. Good sir, do not
Prompt me to that ambition, I possess
Too much already, and I could, so pleas'd
My Mother, travell where I should not hear
Of these great titles, and it comes now aptly,

I should entreat your Lordship to assist me
 In a request to her, I know she loves you,
 And will deny you nothing; I would faine
 Visit the University for study,
 I do lose time methinks.

Go. Fic Haraldus,

And leave the Court? how you forget your selfe?
 Study to be King,
 I shall halfe repent my care,
 If you permit these dull and phlegmatick
 Thoughts to usurpe, they'l stifle your whole reason,
 Catch at the Sunne, deuest him of his beamr,
 And in your eye wear his proud rayes; let day
 Be when you smile, and when your anger points,
 Shoot death in every frowne: covet a shade,
 Affect a solitude, and books, and forfeit,
 So brave an expectation?

Ha. Of what?

Go. Of Norwayes Crown.

*Ha. Could there be any thought
 Within me so ambitious, with what hope
 Could it be cherished, when I have no title?*

*Go. I that have thus farre studied thy fortune,
 May find a way.*

Ha. The King ———

Go. Is not immortal while he has Physitians.

*Ha. What's that you said? The King is happy,
 And the whole Nation treasure up their hopes
 In Prince Turgesius, who with his great uncle
 Valiant Olaus.*

*Go. Are sent to'th warres, where 'twill concerne 'm,
 To think of fame, and how to march to honour
 Through death.*

Ha. I dare not hear him.

Go. Or if they

Re-

Return——

Ha. They will be welcome to all good
Mens hearts, and next the King, none with more joy
Congratulate their safeties, then your selfe:
I am confident my Lord you will remember
To see my Mother, and excuse me if
To finish something else I had in charge,
I take my leave, all good dwell with your Lordship.

Exit.

Go. But that I have *Marpisa's* faith, I could
Suspect him not the issue of my blood,
He is too tame, and honest, at his yeers
I was prodigiously in love with greatnesse;
Or if not mine, let him inherit but
His Mothers soule, she has pride enough, and spirit
To catch at flames, his education
Has been too soft, I must new form the boy
Into more vice, and daring, strange, we must
Study at Court, how to corrupt our Children,

Enter Marpisa.

The Queene!

Ma. My expectation to speak
With thee *Gotharus*, was too painfull to me;
I feare we are all undone; dost hear the news?
The Prince is comming back with victory,
Our day will be o're-cast.

Go. These eyes will force
A brighter from those clouds; are not you Queene?

Ma. But how *Turgesius*, and his bold uncle
Wil look upon me.

Go. Let 'em stare out
Their eyeballs, be you mistress still of the (mack,
Kings heart, and let their gall spout in their sto-
We'l be secure.

Ma. Thou art my fate,

C

Go.

Go. I must confesse
I was troubled when I heard it first ; seem not
You pale at their return, but put on smiles
To grace their triumph ; now you have most need
Of womans art, dissemble cunningly.

Ma. My best *Gotharus*.

Go. They shall find stratagems in peace, more fatal
Then all the Engines of the war ; what mischief
Will not *Gotharus* fly to, to assure
The fair *Marpisa's* greatness, and his own,
In being hers (an Empire 'bove the world)
There is a heaven in either eye, that calls
My adoration, such Promethean fire,
As were I struck dead in my works, shouldst thou
But dart one look upon me, it would quicken
My cold dust, and informe it with a soul
More daring then the first.

Ma. Still my resolv'd *Gotharus*.

Go. Let weak Statesmen think of conscience,
I am arm'd against a thousand stings, and laugh at
The tales of Hell, and other worlds, we must
Possess our joyes in this, and know no other
But what our fancy every minute shall
Create to please us.

Ma. This is harmony,
How dull is the Kings language, I could dwell
Upon thy lips ; why should not we engender
At every sense ?

Go. Now you put me in mind, (*dur,*
The pledge of both our hopes, and blood, *Haral-*
Is not well bred, he talks too morally,
He must have other discipline, and be fashion'd
For our great aims upon him ; a Crown never
Became a Stoick, pray let me commend
Some conversation to his youth.

Ma. He is thine.

Enter Helga.

Go.

Ge. He shall be every way my own.

Hel. The King desires your presence Madam.

Ma. I attend, you'll follow ——— Exit.

Go. Thee to death, and triumph in
My ruins for thy sake, a thousand forms (speaks,
Throng in my braine, that is the best, which
Who looks at Crowns, must have no thought who
bleeds. Exit.

Act. 2.

Enter King, Hormenius, Cortes, Suero.

K. **T**His musick doth but add to melancholly,
He hear no more.

Co. He's strangely mov'd.

Ho. I cannot think a cause, (Helga
You were wont to fool him into mirth; Where's
Your dear companion? no device between you
To raise his thoughts?

Su. I am nothing without my fellow,
Musick is best in Consort.

H. Your buffonry is musical belike.

Co. Your Juglers cannot do some o'their tricks
Without confederacy.

Su. Ple try alone.
If please your Majesty there is ———

K. That for your unseasonable and saucie fool-
ling. *strikes him.*

Ho. That was a musical box o'th'ear.

Ki. Leave us.

Co. 'Tis nothing without a fellow, he knows
Musick is best in Consort. Exit.

Su. Would you had your parts?!

K. Hormenius you may stay.

Ho. Your pleasure sir.

Ki. Men do account thee honest.

H. 'Tis possible

I may fare the worse.

K. And wise ; canst tell the cause why I am sad ?

Ho. Not I sir.

Ki. Nor I my self, 'tis strange I should be subject
To a dull passion, and no reason for it.

Ho. These things are frequent.

Ki. Sometimes ominous,
And do portend.

Ho. If you enjoy a health,
What is in fate ?

Ki. I am King
Still, and I not ?

Ho. We are all happy in't,
And when time shall with the consent of nature,
Call you an old man from this world to heaven,
May he that shall succeed you, Prince *Turgesius*,
The glory of our hope, be no less fortunate.

Ki. My Son,
I was too rash to part with him.

Ho. We should
Have thought his stay a blessing, and did wish
You would not have expos'd such tender years
To the rough warre; but your commands met with
His duty, and our obedience.

Ki. It is very
Strange, we of late hear no success, I hope
This sadness is not for his loss, he has
A kinsman with him, loves him dearly, 'tis
The Queen.

Enter Queen and Helga.
I feel my drooping thoughts fall off,
And my clouds fly before the wind, her presence
Hath an infusion to restore dead nature.

My

My sweet, my dear *Marpisa*.

Mar. You sent for me.

Ki. I am but the shadow of my selfe without thee.

Enter Cort. Sueno.

No wonder I was sad, my soul had plac'd
All her delight in these fair eyes, and could not
But think it selfe an exile in thy absence,
Why should we ever part, but chaine our selves
Together thus?

Su. He's in a better humour I hope;
I do not think but his Majestie would cusse well,
His hand carryes a princely weight.

He. A favour.

(care.

Su. Would you might weare such another in your

Ki. Come hither—on this side.

Su. You were on that side before.

Ki. wo'dst not thou lose thy life, to do a service
My Queen would smile upon?

Su. Alas, My life

Is the least thing to be imagin'd, he
Is not a faithfull subject would refuse
To kill his wife and children, after that
To hang himselfe, to do the Queen a service.

Ki. Come hither *Helga*.

Hel. Royal sir.

(serve

Ki. What would affright thy undertaking, to de-
The least grace from my Queen?

He. I cannot tell,

But I've an opinion, the Devill could not;
My life is nothing sir, to obtaine her favour;
I would hazard more; I have heard talk of hell,
So farre she should command me.

Hor. Bless me goodness!

What wretched Parasites are these? how can
The King be patient at 'em? here is flattery

So thick and grosse, it would endure a hand-saw.

Co. His judgement's I fear stupified.

Hor. Come hither, (you?)

Which of you can resolve, what serpent spawn'd

Su. You are pleasant.

He. My good Lord, it hurts not you,
There is necessity of some knaves, and so
Your Lordship be exempted, why should you
Trouble your selfe, and murmur at our courtes?

Enter Aquinus hastily.

A. The King.

He. Peace.

Su. Your businesse?

Aq. News from the field,

Su. Good?

A. Good.

He. How?

Su. How prethee?

Aq. The day, the field, the safety, O the glory
Of warre is *Normaies*, Letters to the King--

He. Give 'em to me.

Su. Or me.

He. Trust not a fool with things of consequence,
He's the Kings mirth, let me present the news.

Su. Sir, I should know you; this is a knave,
Would take to him all the glory of your report;
If please you, let me present the Letters.

He. My Leige!

Su. My Sovraigne!

He. News!

Su. Good news!

He. Excellent newes!

Su. The Prince.

He. The Prince is---

Su. The enemy is---- o'rethrown.

He.

He. They have lost the day.

Su. Defeated utterly.

He. And are all slain.

Su. Madam, will you hear the news?

Ki. Say on; what is't you would relate?

He. One of my creatures sir hath brought you
Letters, (Aquinas delivers the Letters.

My servant sir, one strengthened to your service
Out of my maintenance, an instrument of mine,
So please you to consider my duty in his service.

Aq. Why hark you Gentlemen, I have but mock'd
Your greedy zeals, there's no such matter in
Those Letters as you have told; we have lost all,
And the Prince taken prisoner, will you not
Stay for the reward, you know I'm but your Crea-
ture,

I look for nothing but your courtly faces
To pay my travel.

He. We wo't appear yet-

Exit.

Aq. How the Rats vanish.

Ki. Read here my best *Marpisa*, news that makes
A triumph in my heart, great as the conquest
Upon our enemies; *Hormenus*, *Cortes*,
Our Son will prove a Souldier, was my sadness
Omen to this good fate? or nature fear'd
The extasie of my joy would else o'ecome me?
They are return'd victorious.

Ho. Thanks to heaven!

Ki. And some reward is due to thee; wear that
For the Kings sake.

Aq. You too much honour me.

Ki. But something in *Marpisa's* face, shews not
So clear a joy as we express, forbear, *Exeunt.*
Wait till we call; can this offend my Queen,
To hear of happiness to my Son? O let
Thy eyes look bright, there shine hath force to make
The

The wreath of Laurel grow upon his temples ;
 Why dost thou weep ? this dew will kill the victory,
 And turn his Bay to Cipresse.

M. Witnesse heaven,

There's not a teare that mourns for him, his safety
 And conquest is most welcome, and he shall
 Have still my prayers, he may grow up in fame,
 And all the glorious fortunes of a Prince :
 But while my wishes fly to heaven for blessings
 Upon his head, at the same time, I must
 Remember in what miserable condition
 My stars have plac'd me.

Ki. What can make thy state
 Guilty of such a name, and so deject
 Thy nobler thoughts ? am not I still the King ?
 And is not fair *Marpisa* mine by marriage ?
 Crown'd here my Queen immortally.

M. Though I be
 By royall bounty of your love, posselt
 Of that great Title sir, I have some fears.

Ki. You amaze me, speak thy doubts at large.

M. The Prince

(Dear to your love, and I still with him so)
 (Dear to your peoples hearts) I fear, will think
 Our marriage his dishonour, and *Olaus*
 Your passionate Uncle, no good friend of mine,
 When he shall see to what a height your love
 And holy vow hath rais'd me, most unworthy,
 Will but salute *Marpisa* with his scorn,
 And by his counsell, or some waies of force
 Unchain our hearts, and throw me from your bo-
 some

To death, or worse, to shame ; oh think upon me,
 And if you have one fear that's kin to mine,
 Prevent their tyrannie, and give me doom
 Of exile ere their cruelty arrive :

He take my sentence kindly from your lips,
Though it be killing.

K. Let my Son or Uncle,
Dare but affront thee in a look, I shall
Forget the ties of nature, and discharge 'em
Like the corruption in my blood.

M. I can
Submit my selfe to them, and would you please
To allow my humbleness no staine to what
You have advanc'd me to, I can be their servant,
And with as true a duty wait upon 'em----

Ki. Thou art all goodnesse, twenty Kingdoms are
Too little for thy dowry; who attends?

Enter Horm. and Cortes.

Thus every minute I will marry thee,
And wear thee in my heart, vanish the thought
Of all thy sex beside, and what can else
Attempt our separation: th'art obscure,
And liv'st in Court but like a maskquing star,
Shut from us by the unkindnesse of a cloud
When *Cynthia* goes to Revels: I will have
A chariot for my Queen richer then er'e
Was shewn in Roman triumph, and thou shalt
Be drawn with Horses white as Venus doves,
Till heaven it selfe in envy of our bliss,
Snatch thee from earth to place thee in his Orbe,
The brightest constellation.

Co. He dotes strangely.

K. *Hormenius, Cortes*, I would have you all
Search your inventions to advance new joyes;
Proclaime all pleasures free, and while my fair
Queen smiles, it shall be death for any man
Pth Court to frown.

Exeunt.

Ho. You ha' not so much love pth Court *Aquinus.*

Co. How do you like the Queen?

D

Aq.

Aq. Why she's not married,
He does but call her so.

Ho. And lyes with her.

Aq. The Prince yet knows it not.

Ho. Hee'l meet it coming home.

Go. *Aquinius?*

Enter Gotharus.

Aq. Sir.

Go. You brought Letters from the Camp.

Aq. I did my Lord.

Ho. What in the name of Policy is now hatching?
I do not like those fawning postures in him,
How kind they are.

Go. That Souldier is thought honest.

Ho. But if he cringe once more I shall suspect him,
That leg confirms he is corrupt already.

Go. How does he like his fathers marriage?

Aq. We had no fame on't there when I set forth.

Go. 'Twas strange and suddain; but we are all
happy

In the good Princes health and victory;
The Duke *Olaus* too I hope is well.

Aq. He was design'd at my departure,
To be here before the Army.

Go. He will be welcome:

You shall accept the price of a new Armour,
And wherein any power of mine can serve you
I'll Court, command.

Aq. I am your Lord-ships creature. *Exeunt.*

Ho. They are gone, I long to see the Prince;
How do you think his Highnesse will
Behave himself to his new mother Queen?
Will it be treason not to aske her blessing?

Co. I am confident his Uncle, brave *Olaus*.

Enter Haraldus.

Wo'not run mad for joy of the Kings marriage?

Ho.

Ho. Let them look to't, there may be alterations.

Ha. They talk sure of my mother and the King,

Ho. Secure as they account themselves, the Prince
Must be receiv'd spight of *Marpisa's* greatnesse,
And all the tricks of her incarnate fiend
Gotharus, who both plot I fear, to raise
That Composition of their blood,
Haraldus——

Ha. How was that ?

Ho. The strange effect
Of their luxurious appetites, though in him
Poor innocence, suspecting not their sin,
We read no such ambition.

Ha. Oh my shame !
What have my ears receiv'd ? am I a bastard ?
'Tis malice that doth wound my Mothers honour ;
How many bleed at once ? yet now I call
To memory, *Gotharus* at our loving
Late conference, did much insult upon
The name of a Father, and his care of me
By some strange force of nature : ha ! my fears
Shoot an Ice through me, I must know the truth
Although it kill me. *Exit.*

Co. Who was that *Haraldus* ?

Ho. I hope he did not hear us, again *Gotharus*.
And the two squirrels ; more devices yet.

Enter Gotharus, Sueno, and Helga.

Su. Let us alone my Lord, we'l quicken him.

Go. You must use all your art to win him to't.

He. Let us alone to make him drink, we are the
credit
Of the Court for that, he's but a child alas, we'l take
our time.

Enter Olaus attended with Captains.

Ol. *Hormennus*,

Ho. My good Lord *Olaus*, I
Joy in your safe return, how fares the Prince?

Ol. Well, where's the King?

Ho. Kissing his new made Queen *Marpisa*.

Ol. Ha!

The King is married then. *Exit Su. & Ho.*

Go. Away, the Duke *Olaus*, sir—

Ol. I am too stiffe for Complement,

My Lord, I have rid hard--- *Exit.*

Go. He has met the intelligence,
And is displeas'd with the state of things at home;
This marriage stings him, let it, we must have
No trembling hearts, not fall into an ague,
Like Children at the sight of a portent :
But like a Rock when wind and waves go highest,
And the insulting billowes dash against
Her ribs, be unmov'd. The King must be saluted
With other Letters, which must counterfet:
The Princes character, I was his Secretary
And know the Art, malice inspire my brain
To poyson his opinion of his Son;
He form it cunningly.
Ha! 'tis *Haraldus*.

Enter Haraldus.

He looks sad.

Ha. I dare not aske
My mother, 'twere a crime, but one degree
Beneath the sinfull act that gave me life
To question her, and yet to have this fright
Dwell in my apprehension, without
The knowlidge of some truth, must needs distract
My poor wits quite; 'tis he, I will take boldnesse
And know the worst of him, If I be what
I am already charactred, he can
Resolve my shame too well.

Go. How is't my Lord?

Ha.

Ha. Never so ill fir.

Go. Art sick?

Ha. Most dangerously.

Go. Where?

(wound,

Ha. Here, at heart, which bleeds with such a
As none but you, can cure.

Go. Ile drop my soul
Into it, shew me how I may
Be thy Physitian, to restore thy blood
I will lose all mine, speak child.

Ha. This very love
Is a fresh suffering, and your readinesse
To cure my sorrow, is another wound;
You are too kind, why are you so? what is
Or can be thought in me fit to deserve it?

Go. Thou dost talk wildly; to accuse me thus
For loving thee, could the world tempt me here,
And court me with her glories to forsake thee,
Thus I would dwell about thy neck, and not
Be bought from kissing thee for all her provinces:
There is a charme upon my soul to love thee,
And I must do't.

Ha. Then I must dye.

Go. Forbid it gentler fates.

Ha. If I could hear you wish
Me dead, I should have hope to live; although
I would not willingly deserve your anger,
By any impious deed, you do not know
What comfort it would be to heare you curse me.

Go. He's mad; *Haraldus*, prethee do not talk so.

Ha. Or if you think a curse too much to help me,
Yet rail upon me, but do't heartily, and call me

Go. What?

Ha. Vilaine, or Bastard, fir,
The worst is best from you.

Go. Thou dost amaze me.

Ha. Will you not for me?
 Then for my mothers sake if you do love her,
 Or ever did esteem her worth your friendship,
 Let me entreat you draw your sword, and give me
 Something to wear in blood upon my bosome;
 Write but one letter of your name upon
 My brest, Ile call you father, by your love;
 Do something that may make me bleed a little.

Go. By that I dare not, thou hast nam'd *Haraldus*
 A father.

Ha. I but call you so, I know
 You are a stranger to my blood, although
 Indeed to me your great affection
 Appears a wonder; nor can nature shew
 More in a Parent to a child; but if
 I be.

Go. What?

Ha. I shall blush fir to pronounce it, (not
 There's something that concerns my mother, will
 Give it a name; yet I would be resolv'd,
 That I might place my duty right; If I
 Must answer to your Sonne, you may imagine
 I shall no more aske you a reason, why
 You have been so kind to me; and to my mother.

Go. Thou hast said it, th'art mine own, 'twas na-
 ture in me,
 That could not hide the actions of a Father.

Ha. I am your base seed then.

Go. Stain not thy self
 With such a name, but look upon thy mother
 Now made a Queene.

Ha. You made her first a strumpet,
 And it would aske the piety of her Sonne;
 To dye upon that man that stole her honour:
 Why did you sound us? why did you
 Betray my mother to this shame? or when

She

She had consented, why should both your lust
Curse my unsinning heart, oh I must be
For your vice scorn'd, though innocent.

Go. None dare----

Ha. I should not by your vertue have been sav'd,
Where shall I hide my life, I must no more
Converse with men----

Go. Thou art too passionate.

Ha. I will entreat my mother we may go
Into some wildernesse, where we may find
Some Creatures that are spotted like our selves,
And live and dye there, be companion
To the wild Panther, and the Leopard, yet
They are too good for their converse, we are
By ours, defil'd, their spots do make them fair.

Exit.

Go. 'Tis time that *Sueno* and his companion,
Dispers'd these clouds; now to the King, with whom
If the Queens beauty keep her magick, then
Our Engines mount, and day grows bright agen.

Exeunt.

Act. 3.

Enter King, *Queen*, *Olaus*, *Reginaldus*,
Aquinus, *Helga*.

K. Uncle, I am glad to see you.

Ol. I am not glad

To see you sir.

Ki. Not me?

Ol. Conforted thus.

K. If *Olaus* be forgetfull of good manners,
I shall forget his years, and blood; be temperate.

Ol.

Ol. There's something in your blood that will
undoe

Your state and fame eternally, purge that,
You know I never flatter'd you, that woman
Will prove thy evill Genius.

Ki. Y'are too saucy.

Ol. Do not I know her, was she not wife
To the Count *Altomarus* a weak Lord?
But too good for her, charm'd by the flattery
And magick of her face, and tongue, to dote
And Marry her, born of a private Family,
Advanc'd thus, she grew insolent, and I fear
By pride and liberty, and some trick she had,
Broke her good husbands heart.

Ma. Sir, you much wrong me,
And now exceed the priviledge of your birth
To injure mine.

Ol. We all know you can plead
Your own defence, you have a womans wit,
Heaven send you equall modesty, I am plain.

Ma. It would be held an insolence in others,
And saucy boldnesse in the sacred presence
Thus of the King, to accuse, whom he hath pleas'd
To take companion of his bed; and though
It would become the justice of my cause
And honour, to desire these black aspersions
May be examin'd further, and the Author
Call'd to make proof of such a passionate language,
(Which will betray his accusation was
But envy of my fortunes) I remember
Y'are the Kings Uncle, and 'tis possible
You may be abus'd by some malicious tale
Fram'd to dishonour me, and therefore I
Beseech you humbly sir, to let this passe
But as an act in him of honest freedom,
Beside what else may give you priviledge

Being a Souldier, and not us'd to file
His language, blunt and rugged wayes of speech
Becoming your profession.

Ol. Very good!

Although we ha' not the device of tongue
And soft phrase Madam, which you make an Idol
At Court, and use it to disguise your heart,
We can speak truth in our unpolish'd words,
Thou art—

M. What am I?

Ol. Not the Queen.

K. She is

My wife *Olaus*.

Ol. I must never kneel to her,
Nor the good Prince your son, the hope of war,
And peaces darling, honour of our blood,
And worth a better Kingdom then he's born to—

K. What of him?

Ol. Must never call her Mother.

K. Dare you instruct him
Against his duty, leave us.

Ol. You have lost

More honour in those minutes you were married,
Then we have gain'd in months abroad, with all
Our triumph purchas'd for you with our blood;
Is this the payment, the reward for all
Our faith? when thy young Son, whose springing
valour

And name, already makes the confines tremble,
Returns like young *Augustus* crown'd with victo-
Must a stepdame first salute him, (rice;
And tread upon his Laurel?

K. Leave the Court.

Ol. May it not prove an Hospiral, 'tis i'th way
To change a title, lust and all the riots
Of licence reeling in it, by th' example

Of one should least prophane it, I am still
Qlaus, and your fathers brother.

Aq. My Lord.

K. Take heed

You do not talk your head off, we have Scaffolds,
 But the old man rayes, come my *Marpisa*.

Ol. Then I will talke, threaten my head,
 Command that Parasite that dares do most
 In wickednesse, to shew himselfe your servant;
 Give him his engine, and his fee for hangman,
 Let him take boldness but to move one hair
 That withers on my head out of his posture,
 He shall have more hope to o'recome the Devil
 In single duel, then to scape my fury.

Aq. Sir----

Ki. Our guard.

Ol. Look you, i'll bring no danger to your person,
 I love you too well; I did alwayes use
 To speak, your father lik'd me near the worke,
 And now I am coole againe----

You say you are married----

Ki. We are.

Ol. Then between you, and I, and let none heare
 To make your selfe, your Son, and Kingdome pro-
 sper,
 Be counsell'd to a divorce.

Ki. Not, not

To save thy soule, my sonnes life added
 To thine, and lives of all the Army shall (there
 Be divorc'd from this world first, you are my fa-
 Brother, and if you love my Sonne, your pupil,
 So hopeful in your thoughts, teach him to come
 More humbly to us, without thought to question
 Our marriage, or i'll find a chastisement
 For his rebellious heart, we will.

Exit.

Ol. You must not, I we'not leave him yet. *Exit.*

Re.

Re. This freedome may engage his life to danger,
He is too passionate.

Aq. He has said too much,
He venter speaking to him.

Exit.

He. He's alone, now to him.

Sn. Noble sir--- I have a suit to you.

Re. A Courtier aske a suit of a Souldier?
You'l wear no Buffe nor Iron?

Sn. I come very impudently, and I hope to thrive
The better for't; this Gentleman my friend,
A man of quality, and in some grace with
The King, hath laid a wager with me of
Two hundred Crowns, I dare not pull a haire
From your most reverend Beard: now if you please
To give me leave, i'll win the Crownes, laugh at
him,

And drink your health at supper.

Re. A haire from my beard?

Sn. But one haire, if shall please you.

Re. Come, take it.

Sn. I have pul'd three noble sir.

Re. 'Twas more then your commission, there's one
Kicks him.

That's another, and that will make you an upright
Courtier. *Strikes him.*

H. Ha, ha.

Sn. Sir, I beseech you--

(bounds)

Re. Beg modestly hereafter, take within your
You have small beard to play upon. 'tis fit
My fist should make an answer to your wit.

Sn. I have it to a haire, the cholerick Duke agen?
I am gone.

Exeunt.

Ent. Ol. & Aq.

Aq. Sir, you have been too blame.

Ol. How dare you talk to me sir?

Aq. 'Tis my duty, and I must tell you,
Y've built too much upon him as a kinsman,

And have forgot the King.

Ol. Take that for your impudence.

Exit.

Strikes him with his Cane.

Aq. I have it, and I thank you.

Enter King, reading of Letters, Queen.

H. They are gone sir, but have left Prints of their fury,

The angry Duke has broke *Aquinnus* head,
For speaking dutifully on your behalfe;
To'ther mute man of war stroke *Sueno* fir.

Su. I heare his language humming in my head still.

K. *Aquinnus*? strike so near our presence?

Su. Nay these Souldiers will strike a man, if he
doe not

Carry himsele to a hairs breadth, I know that.

K. They shall repent this impudence, look up
My dear *Marpisa*, there's no tempest shall
Approach to hurt thee, they have rais'd a storm.
To their own ruines.

Enter a Souldier.

Sa. Sir, if you'l bring me (bour,
To th King, you shall do an office worth your la-
I have Letters will be welcome.

He. You must give

Me leave sir to present 'em from the Prince:
Most excellent, sir, my Sovereigne.

Su. Letters? If you have a chaine of gold--

He. Go hang thy selfe, *Souldier gives Helga.*

Su. We will divide. *the Letters, & Exit.*

He. I am most fortunate to present you sir
With Letters from the Prince, and if your Majestie
Knew with what zeale I tender these.

K. Ha!

He. He frowne, where's the Soldade? you'l goe

Ki. Who brought these Letters? where's the mes-
senger.

He.

H. He was here but now, he's vanish'd.

Ki. Vanish thee too, and creep into the earth.

H. I shall sir.

Ki. The impudence of Children, read *Marpisa*,
More Letters from the proud ambitious boy,
He dares to give us precepts, and writes here,
We have too much forgot our selfe and honour,
In making thee our Queen, puts on his grace
A discontent, and sayes, the triumph he
Expected, the reward of his young merit,
Will be ungloried in our suddaine match,
And weak election.

M. This was my fear.

Ki. He threatens us, if we proceed with his
Command and power i'th Army; raise new Forces
To oppose 'm, and proclaime 'm Rebels, Trayters—

M. Sir, I beseech you for the generall good,
Temper your rage, these are but words of passion,
The Prince will soon be sorry for't, suspect not
His duty, rather then disgrace your Son,
Divide me from your heart, the people love him.

Ki. Ple hate him for't, *Gotharus*; where's *Gotharus*,
Exit.

M. This Letter tast's of his invention,
He's active, it concerns us both. *Albina.*

Enter Albina.

Nay, you may forward Madam.

A. I beseech

Your pardon, I did hope to have found my Lord
Gotharus here.

M. The King ask'd for him,
And is but new retyr'd, who I presume
If he had known of your approach, w'od not
Have gone so soon.

Al. I have no businesse Madam
With the King.

M. Come do not disguise it thus,
I am covetous to know your suit;
But I am confident he will deny
You nothing, and your husband is of my
Opinion lately.

Al. By your goodnesse Madam,
Let me not suffer in your thoughts, I see
There is some poison thrown upon my innocence,
And tis not well done of my Lord *Gothbarns*,
To render me to your suspicion
So unhappy, 'tis too much he has withdrawn
His own heart, he will shew no seeds of charity,
To make all others scorn me.

M. If he do,
You can return it, but take heed your wayes
Be strait to your revenge, let not my fame
And honour be concern'd with the least wound.

Al. I understand not what you mean.

M. I cannot
Be patient, to hear the King commend
Your lip.

Al. I am betray'd.

M. My phrase is modest,
Do not you love the King?

Al. Yes, with the duty.

M. Of one that wants no cunning to dissemble
Her pride, and loose desires.

Al. You are the Queen.

M. What then?

Al. I should else tell you, 'tis ill done
To oppresse one that groans beneath the weight
Of griefe already, and I durst take boldnesse
To say, you were unjust.

M. So, so.

A. I can
Contain no longer, take from my sad heart

What

What hitherto I have conceal'd, (in that
You may call me dissembler of my sorrows.)
I am weary of my life, and fear not what
Your power and rage can execute; would you
Had no more guilt upon your blood, then I
Have sinne in my accounts that way, My Lord
Gotharus would not be so unkind to me.

M. What's that you said so impudently *Albina*?

Al. What I did think should have consum'd me here
In silence, but your injuries are mighty,
And though I do expect to have my name
In your black Register design'd for death,
To which my husband will I know consent;
I cannot thus provok'd, but speak what wounds me.
Yet here agen I shut the Casket up,
Never to let this secret forth, to spread
So wide a shame hereafter.

M. Thou hast wak'd
A Lyonness.

Al. Death cannot more undo me,
And since I live an exile from my husband,
I will not doubt but you may soon prevaile,
To give my weary soul a full discharge
Some way or other; and i'th minute when
It takes her flight to an eternall dwelling,
I will forgive you both, and pray for you,
But let not your revenge be to long idle,
Least the unmeasur'd pile of my affections
Weigh me to death before your anger comes,
And so you lose the triumph of your envies.

M. You sha'not be forgotten, feare it not,
And but that something nearer doth concern us,
You should soon find a punishment. The King. *Ex.*

Enter King, Gotharus, with a Letter.

K. He struck *Aguinus*, *Helga* saw him bleed.

Go. These are strange insolencies, one goe for
Aquinas.

Did *Olaus* bring these Letters?

Ki. No, some spirit,
For he soon vanish'd.

I have given my sonne
To the most violent men under the Planets,
These Souldiers.

Go. And they'll cling to him like Ivie,
Embrace him even to death.

Ki. Like Brees to Cattel
In summer, they'll not let him feed.

Go. But make
Him sing, unquiet.

Ki. Most repineful, spleeny.

Go. Ready to break the twist of his Allegiance.

Ki. Which they fret every day--

Go. These put upon his young blood discontents.

Ki. Dangerous--

Go. Extreemly dangerous.

Ki. Swell him up

With the alluring shapcs of rule, and Empire--

Go. And speak his strength with a proud Emphasis;
Yours, with a faint cold-hearted voice; was ever
Such peremptory lines writ to a father?

Ki. Thy counsell, while the dangers yet aloofe.

Go. Aloofe? take heed, hills in a piece of landskip
May seem to stand a hundred leagues, yet measure,
There's but an inch in distance; oh ambition;
Is a most cunning, infinite dissembler,
But quick i'th execution.

Ki. Thy counsell.

Go. He that aspires hath no Religion,
He knows no kindred.

K. I aske for thy advice.

Go. Have you not seen a great Oke cleft asunder,

With

With a small wedge cut from the very heart
Of the same tree?

Ki. It frights me to apply it ;
Oh my misfortune, this is torment, not
A cure.

Enter Aquinus

Go. *Aquinus*, Speak him gently fir,
And leave me to encourage him in a service
Worth his attempt, and needful to your safety.
Noble *Aquinus*, our good King has sence
Of the affront you suffered from his Uncle,
And as he is inform'd, for speaking but
The duty of a subject.

Aq. This is true fir,
I wear his bloody favour still, I never
Took any blow so long on trust.

Ki. I know thy spirit's daring, and it shal become
My justice to reward thy suffering ;
A storm now hovers o're my Kingdom,
When the aire is clear, and our sky fair agen,
Expect, nay challenge, we shall recompence
What thou hast suffer'd for us, with a bounty
Worth all thy merits, i'th mean time apply
Thy selfe to my *Gothards*, and be counsel'd. *Exit.*

A. My duty.

Go. Th'hast no alliance to my blood ;
Yet if thou think'st I do not flatter thee,
I feel a friendly touch of thy dishonour,
The blow, 'twas not well done of Duke *Olaus*.

Aq. You great men think you may do what you
please,

And if y'have a mind to pound us in a mortar
We must obey.

Go. That law is none of natures,
And this distinction of birth and royalty
Is not so firme a prooffe, but there are men (hearts
Have swords to pierce it through, and make the

Of those that take this priviledge from their blood,
Repent they were injurious.

Aq. My sword
Was quiet when he beat me.

Go. He did not, could not beat thee.

A. 'Twas worse, he cudgel'd me, I feel it yet,
Nor durst I strike agen.

Go. It could not be
A tameness in thy spirit, but quick thought
That 'twas *Olaus*, not, that in thy heart
There was no will to be reveng'd, for he
Is false to nature, loves his injury,
But that there was no safety to return
Thy anger on his person.

Aq. Y'are i'th right,
That frighted me.

Go. For he is not reveng'd,
That kills his enemy and destroyes himselfe,
For doing his own justice, therefore men
That are not slaves, but free, these we receive
Born, and bred Gentlemen in fair employments,
That have, and dare bid high agen for honour,
When they are wrong'd by men above them in title,
As they are thought worthy a personall wound,
In that are rais'd and level'd with the injurer;
And he that shall provoke me with his weapon,
By making me his enemy, makes me equal,
And on those terms I kill him: But there is
Another caution to wise men, who ought
To cast and make themselves secure, that when
They have return'd full payment for their sufferings
In fame, they may be safe without a guard.

Aq. That fir is the prudence.

Go. Yet I can direct thee
To be reveng'd with safety unto this,
What if I add therein, thou shalt do service

That

That will oblige the common-wealth, that groans
With fear of innoyation, and make
The King thy friend by one expence of courage;
And having nam'd the king thus, it must make
Thy thoughts secure from future losse, and in
The present act no danger.

A. Sir, be cleere,
Make good what you have promis'd,
And see if I be frighted, I have help'd
Many give up the ghost.

Go. *Olaus* us'd
Thee basely, how much would the Kingdome suffer
If he were dead and laid into his Tombe,
Perhaps a year sooner then nature meant,
To make his bones fit.

Aq. I dare kill him sir,
If I were sure the King would pardon me,
That in my own revenge, and any other
Whom he calls enemy without exception,
To this I am bound in conscience; sir, there needs
No conjuration for this, nor art
To heighten me, let me but hear the King
Will have it, and secure me.

Go. Thou deserv'st him,
And maist a statue, for our great deliverer,
Yet, now I have thought better on't, we may
Save trouble in *Olaus* Tragedy,
And kill him through another.

Aq. Whom?

Go. One that
Sits heavier on the Kings heart, and dwels in't
Such a disease, as if no resolute hand
Cure him.

Aq. Ple be his Chyrurgion.

Go. When I name him,
One that has had no will to advance thee

To thy deserts in wars, for all thy former
And thy late services, rewarded with
A dull command of Captain, but incens'd
By *Olaus* now who rules his heart, lesse hope
To be repair'd in fortune.

Al. Let him be the Prince.

Go. 'Tis he.

A. It honours my attempt;
And while his father holds him disobedient,
I think him lesse then subject.

Go. Disobedient? look there.

Shows a Letter.

Aq. This is the Princes hand.

Go. But read his heart.

Aq. Impious! above the reach
Of common faith.

I am satisfied, he must not live; the way:
They would not trust me with his cup to poyson it,
Shew me the way---the King and Queen.

Go. Lets study.

Enter King and Queen.

Q. You have a faithful servant in *Gotharus*.

K. Upon his wisdom we depend.

Go. I have it,

He shall dye like a Souldier, thus—— *Whispers.*

Qu. Their malice

Doth onely aime at me, and if you please
To give me up a sacrifice to their fury.

K. Not for a thousand Sons, my life and honors
Must sit with thine *Marpisa*.

Aq. Sir, 'tis done.

Go. This act shall make thee great, the King and
Queene

Look cheerefull royal sir, and think of honour
To crown the merit of this Captain, let
No trouble shake a thought, he will deserve
Your bosome sir.

K. He shall possesse it; how my *Gotharus*?

Go.

Go. Pray leave it to me, it is not ripe yet for your knowledge sir.

K. We'll trust thee, come *Marpisa*.

Go. Dearest Madam! come *Aquinus*.

Aq. I attend your Lordship.

Exeunt.

Enter *Haraldus*, *Sueno*, *Helga*, at a banquet.

Su. My Lord, you honour us.

Hel. If we knew how to expresse our duties.

Ha. No more ceremony,

Your loves engage me, if some discontents

Make me not seem unpleasant; yet I must

Confesse I was more prompted to th' acceptance,

In hope to cure a melancholly.

H. With your pardon,

It does too much usurpe on your sweet nature,

But if your Lordship please, there is a way

To banish all those thoughts.

Ha. I would call him doctor—

That could assure me that.

Su. I am of his

Opinion sir, and know the best receipt

Pth world for sadness.

Ha. Prethee what?

Su. Good wine.

Ha. I have heard 'em talk so, If I thought there

That operation—

He. Try sir.

Su. My humble duty---'tis excellent wine!

Ha. *Helga*.

He. Your Lordships servant.

Ha. 'Tis pleasant.

Drinks.

Su. It has spirit, will you please

Another tryall, that prepares more sweetness,

Health to the Queen.

Ha. I thank you.

Ha.

He. With your pardon, fill to me,
Your grace should have it last.

Ha. She is my mother.

Su. She is our royall mistress, heaven preserve her;
Does not your Lordship feel more inclination

Har. drinks

To mirth, there is no spell 'gainst sorrow, like
Two or three cups of wine.

He. Nothing believ't,
Will make your soul so active, take it liberally.

Ha. I dare not trust my brain.

Su. You never tryed.

He. You'l never know the pleasure then of drink-
I have drunk my selfe into an Emperour.

Su. In thy own thoughts.

He. Why is't not rare, that wine
Taken to the extent, should so delightfully
Possess the imagination, I have had my Queens
And Concubines—

Ha. Fine fancies.

He. The Kings health,
Give me't in greater volum, these are acorns;
Su. No to thee, I'me sprightly but so look out.

Su. What rare things will the flowing verne raise,
If but the sight exalt you? to your grace,

The Kings health.

Ha. Let it come, i'le trespasse once.

He. That smile became you sir.

Ha. This Cup doth warm me, *Drinker.*
Methinks I could be merry.

Su. Will your grace have any musick?

Ha. Any thing.

He. Strike lustily.

Ha. I have begun no health yet Gentlemen.

Su. Now you must honour us.

Ha. Health to the Prince.

He.

He. That is your title sir,
As you are Sonne to a Queene.

Ha. My father was no King, father? I'll drown
The memory of that name. *Drinkes.*

He. The Prince *Turgesius* health.

Su. He's not far off.

By the Court Computation--happinesse now
To Prince *Haraldus* mistress.

He. With devotion.

Ha. Alas, I am too young to have a mistress.

He. Sir, you must crown it.

Ha. These are complements

At Court, where none must want a drinking mistress.

Su. Merthinks loud musick should attend these
Healts---

Ha. So, shall we dance? *Drinkes.*

He. We want Ladies.

Ha. I am as light, thou shalt go for a Lady.

Su. Shall I? *Dance.*

Is not this better, then to fight away

Our spirits now?

Ha. I'me not.

He. A cup of wine, is the most naturall cooler.

Ha. You are my Physicians Gentlemen. *Drinks.*

Su. Make it a health to my Lord *Gorbarns*.

I'll pledge it as heartily as he were my father.

Ha. Whose father? *Tibrom's wine in Sueno's face.*

Su. Mine, I said.

Ha. Cry mercy.

Su. Nay, 'tis but so much wine lost, fill't again.

Ha. I'll drink no more.

He. What think you of a song? *Song.*

Su. A catch, to't boyes.

Ha. Shall we to bed Gentlemen?

I did not sleep last night.

He. If your Grace

De-

Desire to sleep, there's nothing to prepare it.
Like to her cup.

Ha. A health to both your Mistresses. *Drinks*

Su. You do us grace.

He. There's hope of his conversion.

Ha. I am not well, what wheels are in my brains?
Philosophy affirms the earth moves not,
'Tis here methinks confuted, Gentlemen,
You must be faine to lead me to some couch,
Where I may take a nap, and then I'll thank you,
I'll come agen to morrow.

Su. Every day
For a twelve-month.

He. That will make you a good fellow. *Exit.*

*Enter Prince Turgesius, Reginaldus, Soldiers marching,
Olaus meets, they salute and whisper.*

P. You tell me wonders.

Ol. 'Tis all truth, we must
Stand on our guard, 'tis well we are provided.

P. Is it not some device to make us feare,
That at our entertainment we may find
Our joyes more spations.

Ol. There is some device in't.

P. It is not possible a father should
Be so unkind to his own blood and honour.

Ol. My life was threatned.

P. Who durst threaten it?

Ol. The King your father.

P. Oh say not so good sir.

Ol. And if you please him not with your behavi-
Your head may be soon humbled to the axe,
And sent a token of his love, to your stepdame
The Queen, I trifle not.

Pr. For what sinnes
Hath angry heaven decreed to punish *Normay*,
And lay the Scene of wrath in her own bowels? *I*

I did suspect when none came forth to meet
Our victory, to have heard of some mis-fortune,
Some prodigies egendring : down with all
Our pride of war, the Garlands we bring home
Will but adorne us for the sacrifice ;

And while our hairs are deck'd with flowers and
ribbands,

We shall but march more gloriously to death.

Are all good women dead within the Kingdom,

There could be found none worth my fathers love,

But one whose fame and honour is suspected?

Ol. Wouldst they were but suspected.

P. Marpisa?

Ol. Her preferment was no doubt

Gotharus act, for which 'tis whisper'd,

She payes him fair conditions, while they both

Cafe up the Kings eyes, or confine him to

Look through such cunning opticks as they please.

P. Ple have his heart.

Ol. But how will you come by't?

He's safe in the Kings bosome, who keeps warm

A serpent, till he find a time to gnaw

Out his preserver.

P. We had dyed with honour

By the Enemies sword, something might have been

In such a fall, as might have left no shame

Upon our story, since 'tis chance of war,

Not want of valour, gives the victory;

This ship-wracks all, and eates into the soule

Of all our fame, it withers all the deeds

Is owing to our name.

Enter Cortes.

Co. Health to the Prince,

Ol. *Cortes*, welcome, what news?

G

C.

Co. These Letters will inform his highness.

Ol. Sent, from the King Cortes? has he thought upon't?

Are we considerable at last, and shall
The Lady *Gengaw*, that is pearch'd upon
His throne, be counsell'd not to take too much
Upon her? will *Gotharus* give us leave
To be acquainted with the King agen? ha!

Co. These Letters came fir from *Aquinus*.

Ol. How?

I hope he mentions not the broken pate
I gave him, and complains on't to the Prince,
I may be apt to make him an amends
With such another.

Pr. Sir.

Ol. What's the matter?

P. Read, I am planet-stroke, cursed *Gotharus*!
What would the traitor have?

Ol. 'Tis here, I take it, he would have you sent
Yonder, and has took order with *Aquinus*
For your conveyance hence, at both their charges;
But now you know the plot, you wo' not trust
Your life as he directs.

P. Not trust *Aquinus*?

Ol. You are desperate, hark you, I do suspect him.
And I ha' cause, I broke his head at Court
For his impertinent counsell, when I was
In passion with the King, you sha' not trust him.
This may be cunning to revenge himselfe.
I know he has a spirit, come you sha' not
Be cheated of your life, while I have one
To counsell you.

P. Uncle, I am unmov'd,
He is a Souldier, to that name and honour
I'll trust a Princes life, he dares not be
A traitor.

O. I have read that one Prince was
So credulous, and scap'd, but *Alexander*, (man,
Though he were great, was not so wise a Gentle-
As heaven in that occasion might have made him,
The valiant confidence in his doctor, might
Ha' gnawn his bowels up, and where had been
My gallant Macedonian? come you shall
Consider on't.

P. I am resolv'd already,
March to the City, every thought doth more
Confirm me, passion will not let you see,
Good Uncle with your pardon, the true worth
And inside of *Aquinas*, he is faithfull,
Should I miscarry, 'tis my single life,
And 'tis obedience to give up our breath,
When fathers shall conspire their Childrens death

Exeunt.

Act. 4.

Enter King, Gotharus.

Go. **Y**OU may surrender up your Crown, 'twell
shew

Brave on *Turgesius* Temples, whose ambition
Expects it.

Ki. Nay Gotharus—

Go. Has my care

Cast to prevent your shame, how to preserve
The glories you possesse, by cutting off
A Canker that would eat into your trunk,
And hinder your fair growth, and do you make
A scruple to be cured?

Ki. I did but mention,
And nature may excuse, he is my son.

Go. The more your danger, when he dares be
impious,

The forfeit of his duty in this bold
And hostile manner to affright your subjects,
And threaten you with articles, is already
The killing of your honour, and a treason
Nature abhors, a guilt heaven trembles at,
And you are bound in care of your own province,
To shew your justice, and not be partiall
To your own blood; but let your Kingdome suffer,
Her heart be torn by civill Wars; 'tis none
Of mine, and let him in the blood of many
Fathers, be made a King, your King; and you
That now command, be taught obedience,
Creep to your child, exchange your pallace for
A prison, and be humbled till you think
Death a preferment, I have but a life—

Ki. Which I will cherish, be not passionate,
~~And I consent to all thou hast contained;~~
Thou art my friend.

Go. I would be fir, your honest Chyrurgion,
And when you have a Gangrene in your limbe,
Not flatter you to death, but tell you plainly
If you would live, the part so poyson'd must be
Cut from your body.

Ki. And I wo'not shake.
With horror of the wound, but meet my safety
And thank my best preserver; but art sure
Aquinnus will be resolute?

Go. Suspect not,
He is my Creature.

Enter Hormenus.

Ho. The Prince your Sonne—

Ki. Is a bold Traytor.
And they are Rebels joyne with him.

Go. What of the Prince *Hormenus*?

Ho. He is very near the City with his Army.

Ki. Are the walls fortified?

Ho. They are?

Ki. We wo^t not trust him, nor the *Ruffian*

Olaus, that Incendiary.

Go. The Queen. *Enter Marpisa.*

Qu. O fir.

Ki. There are more wounds in those sad accents,
Then their rebellion can give my Kingdome.

Q. My boy, my child, *Haraldus*.

Ki. What of him?

Qu. Is sick, is dying fir.

Go. Forbid it heavens, he was in health—

Qu. But if I mean to see him

A live, they say I must make haft,

The comforts of my life expire with him. *Exit.*

Go. The Devils up in arms, and fates conspire
Against us.

Ki. Mischiefes tumble like waves upon us.

Ho. Sir, It will be necessary

You lend your person to direct, what shall

Be further done i^th City, *Aquinus* hath

Charge of the Gate and Walls, that offer

The first view to the Enemy.

Ki. He is trusty, and

A daring Souldier; what at stand *Gotharns*?

Go. I was thinking of the Queen fir, and *Haraldus*,

And grieve for the sweet child.

Ki. Some feaver, would my

Son were in his state, but soon we shall

Conclude his destiny, if *Aquinus* prosper;

But to the walls.

Go. I attend, my very soule

Is in a sweat, *Hormenus*.

Ho. I wait on you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince Turgesius, Olaus, Cortes, Reginaldus, Souldiers.

Pr. The Gates are shut against us Souldiers.

Ol. Let our Engines
Teare 'em, and batter down the walls.

Pr. Good Uncle,
Your counsell I obey'd i'th wars abroad,
We did there fight for honour, and might use
All the most horrid formes of death to fright
Our enemies, and cut our way to victory :
But give me leave to tell you sir, at home
Our conquest will be losse, (and every wound
We give our Country, is a crimson teare
From our own heart, they are a viperous brood
Gnaw through the bowels of their parent, I
Will rather dye without a monument,
Then have it bear my name, to have defaced
One heap of stones.

Enter Gotharus on the walls, Ho. Aquí.

Cor. Gotharus on the walls?

Ol. Hormannus and Aquinus? now a speech,
And 'twere at Gallows would become him better.

Go. Thus from my master, to the Prince of Norway,

We did expect, and had prepar'd to meet
Your victory with triumphs, and with Garlands
Due to your fate and valours, entertain'd you ;
Nor has your Army sacrific'd so many
Warm drops of blood, as we have shot up prayers
That you might prosper, and return the pledge
Of all our hope and glory. But when pride
Of your own fames, and conquest in a war,
Hath poyson'd the obedience of a Sonne,
And tempted you to advance your sword, new bath'd

In

In enemies blood 'gainst your Countries bosome;
Thus we receive you, and declare your pietie,
And faith lost to your Country, and your Father.

Pr. My Lord, all this concerns not me, we have
But done our duties, and return to lay
The Trophies at his feet, whose justice did
Make us victorious more then our own valour,
And now without all titles but his sonne,
I dare hells accusation, to blast
My humble thoughts.

Go. Sir, give us leave to feare,
Not your own nature, calme as the soft aire,
When no rude wind conspires a mutiny---

Ol. Leave Rethorique, and to th point, why do not
The Gates spread to receive us? and your joyes
Shoot up in acclamations? I would have
Thy house give good example to the City,
And make us the first-born fire.

Go. Good heaven knows,
How willingly I would sacrifice my selfe,
To do a grateful service to the Prince:
And I could wish my Lord, you were less passionate,
And not inflame his Highnesse gentle spirit
To these attempts.

Er. I am ignorant *Gotharus*
Of what you mean, where is the King my father?

Aq. Where a sad father is, to know his Sonne
Bring arms against his life.

Pr. How now *Aquinus*,

Ol. Dare you be saucy?
O that Gentleman
Is angry, his head akes with the remembrance of
My Truncheon.

Aq. 'Twas a valiant act,
And did become the greatness of *Olus*,
Who by the privilege of his birth, may do

A wrong and boast it.

Ol. Shall these Groomes affront us?

Pr. Have you commission to be thus insolent,
They do not know us?

Go. Yes, and in our hearts
Bleed, that our fears of your unjust demand,
Compell us to this separation.

Pr. Demands? is it injustice for a Sonne
To aske his fathers blessing? by thy duty
Cotharus, I command thee, tell my father
His Sonne desires access, let me but speak with him.

Go. I have not in your absence, sir neglected,
What did become my service to your highnesse,
To take his anger off.

Pr. What Riddles this?

Go. But let me with a pardon tell your Grace,
The Letters that you sent, were not so dutyfull,
You were to blame, to chide and Article
So with a King and Father; yet I said,
And pawn'd my Conscience 'twas no act of yours,
I mean intyre, but wrought and form'd by some
Rash spirits, to corrupt you with ambition,
Feeding your youth with thought of hasty empire
To serve their ends, whose counsell all this while
Did starve that sweetness in you we all hop'd for.

Ol. Devices! more devices!

Pr. I am amaz'd,
And if the King will not vouchsafe me conference,
I shall accuse thy cunning to have poyson'd
My Fathers good opinion. *Enter King.*

Go. Innocence
May thus be stain'd, pray let your justice clear me.

Ki. What would our Sonne?

Pr. Thus pay his filiall duty.

K. 'Tis but counterfet, if you bring no thought
To force our blessing in this rude manner, how

Dare

Dare you approach? dismiss your souldiers.

Ol. Not the meanest knapsack,
That were a way to bring us to the mercy
Of wolves indeed, *Gotharus* grinds his teeth
Already at us.

Ki. We shall talk with you fir
Hereafter, I command thee by thy duty
Thou ow'st a father and a King, dismiss
Your Troops.

Pr. I will.

Ol. You shall not, that were fine,
So we may run our heads into their noose,
You give away your safety.

Pr. I will not
Dispute my power, let my intreat prevaile
For their dimission.

Ol. You may dismiss
Your head and mine, and be laugh'd at, these men
Are honest, and dare fight for us.

Pr. I know
Their loves, and will reward, dear, dear Uncle.

Go. How he prepares his Tragedy *Aquinas*,
Let not thy hand shake.

Aqu. I am resolute.

Go. And I, for thy reward, 'tis done, the souldiers
Disperse already.

Ol. If any mischief follow this,
Thank your credulic.

Pr. May I now hope for access?

Ki. Descend *Gotharus* and *Aquinas*
To meet the Prince, while he containes within
The piety of a Son, we shall embrace him.

Pr. When I degenerate, let me be accurst
By heaven and you.

Ol. Are you not pale to think on't?

Pr. It puzzles me to think my father guilty.

Ol. I do not like things yet.

As the Prince is going forth, a Pistol is discharged within, he falls.

Pr. O I am shot, I am murder'd.

Ol. Inhumane Traytor, villain!

Ol. ~~His~~ wounds *Aquinas.*

Go. So, so, his blood has saved my execution,
Tis not safe for me to stay, they are both sped
rarely. *Exit.*

Ol. O my dear Cousin, treason, treason.

Ki. Where?

Ol. In thy own bosome, thou hast kill'd thy Sonne,
Convey his body, guard it safe, and this
Perfidious trunk I'll have it: punish't
Past death, and scatter his torn flesh about
The world to affright mankind; thou art
A murderer, no blood of mine.

Go. Tis done,
And all the guilt dyes with *Aquinas*, false.
By. ~~Our~~ sword most happily, who but
Prevented mine, this act concludes all feare.

Ki. He was my sonne, I must needs drop a teare.

Haraldus discovered sick, Queen, Doctors.

Qu. It is not possible, he catch a flavor
By excess of wine? he was all temperance.

Do. He had a soft and tender constitution
Apt to be inflam'd, they that are most delicate,
Feel the disorder with more violence.

Qu. Where, who afflicted him in this misfortune?
He had some company.

Do. He was invited
He sayes by *Sueno*, and *Helga*, to a banquet,
Where in their mirth, they careless of his health,

suffered

Suffered him drink too much,

Qu. They poison'd him,

Go apprehend the murderers of my child;

If he recover not, their death shall wait

Upon *Haraldus*; but pray you tell the Gentlemen,

Is there no hope of life, have you not art

Enough to cure a fever?

Do. We find Madam,

His disease more malignant by some thought

Or apprehensions of griefe.

Qu. What griefe?

Y'e all impostors, and are Ignorant

But how to kill.

Ha. Is not my mother come?

Qu. Yes my deare sonne, and here shall weep my

Till I turne *Niobe*, unlesse thou givest me

Some hope of thy own life.

Ha. I would say something

Were you alone.

Qu. Leave us; now my *Haraldus*,

How is it with my child?

Hal. I know you love me,

Yet I must tell you truth, I cannot live;

And let this comfort you, death will not come

Unwelcome to your sonne, I do not dye

Against my will, and having my desires,

You have less cause to mourne.

Qu. What is't has made

The thought of life unpleasant, which does court

Thy dwelling here with all delights that nature

And art can study for thee, rich in all things

Thy wish can be ambitious of, yet all

These treasures nothing to thy mothers love,

Which to enjoy thee would defer a while

Her thought of going to heaven.

Ha. Oh take heed mother, heaven

Has a spacious care and power to punish,
Your too much love with my eternal absence,
I begge your prayers and blessing.

Qn. Th'art dejected,
Have but a will and live.

Ha. 'Tis in vaine mother.

Qn. Sinke with a seavours into earth;
Look up, thou shalt not dye.

Ha. I have a wound within
You do not see, more killing then all seavors.

Qn. A wound? where? who has murder'd thee?

Ha. *Gotharus* has.

Qn. Ha! furies persecute him.

Ha. Oh pray for him!

'Tis my duty, though he gave me death,

He is my father.

Qn. How? thy father?

Ha. He told me so, and with that breath destroy'd

I felt it strike upon my spirits; mother,

Would I had neer been born!

Qn. Believe him not.

Ha. Oh do not add another sinne to what

Is done already, death is charitable

To quit me from the scorn of all the world.

Qn. By all my hopes *Gotharus* has abus'd thee,

Thou art the lawful burden of my wombe,

Thy father, *Altomarus*.

Ha. Ha?

Qn. Before whose spirit long since taken up,

To meet with Saints and Troops Angelicall;

I dare agen repeat thou art his Sonne.

Ha. Ten thousand blessings now reward my mo-

Speake it againe, and I may live, a stream

Of pious joy runnes through me, to my soule

Y'ave stroke a harmony next that in heaven;

Can you without a blush, call me your Child,

And

And sonne of *Altomarus*? all that's holy
Dwell in your blood for ever, speak it once,
But once agen.

Qu. Were it my latest breath;
Thou art his and mine.

Ha. Enough, my tears do flow
To give you thanks for't; I would you could resolve
But one truth more, why did my Lord *Gotharus*
Call me the issue of his blood?

Qu. Alas, he thinks thou art ———

Ha. What are those words? I am undone
Agen.

Qu. Ha? (his son—

Ha. 'Tis too late to call 'em back, he thinks I am

Qu. I have confest'd too much, and tremble with
The imagination, forgive me child,

And heaven, if there be mercy to a crime

So black, as I must now to quit thy fears,

Say I have been guilty off, we have been sinful,

And I was not unwilling to oblige

His active braine for thy advancement, by

Abusing his believe thou wer't his own,

But thou hast no such stain, thy birth is innocent,

Or may I perish ever, 'tis a strange

Confession to a child, but it may drop

A balsome to thy wound; live my *Haraldus*,

If not for this, to see my penitence,

And with what tears i'le wash away my sinne,

Ha. I am no bastard then.

Qu. Thou art not.

Ha. But I am not found while you are lost,
No time can restore you,

My spirits faint.

Qu. Will nothing comfort thee?

Ha. My duty to the Kign.

Qu. He's here.

Enter King.

Ki. How is't *Haraldus*?
Death fits in's face.

Ha. Give me you blessing, and within my heart
Ile pray you may have many, my soul flies
'Bove this vain world, good Mother close mine eyes.

Qu. Never dyed so much sweetnesse in his years.

Ki. Be comforted, I have lost my sonne too,
The Prince is slaine, how now.

Enter officers with Helga.

Qu. Justice upon the murderer of my sonne,
This villaine *Helga*, and his companion
Sueno, have kil'd him, where's the other?

Off. Fled Madam,
But *Helga* does confesse he made him drunk.

He. But not dead drunk, I do beseech you Madam.

Ki. Look here what your base surfeit has destroy'd.

He. 'Twas *Sueno* as well as I, my Lord *Gorbarnus*
Gave us commission for what we did.

Qu. Again *Gorbarnus*, sure he plotted this.

Ki. Hang him up straight.

He. I left no drink behind me,
If I must dye let me have equall justice,
And let one of your guard drink me to death sir;
Or if you please to let me live till

Sueno is taken, we will drink and reele
Out of the world together.

Ki. Hence, and hang him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hormenus.

Ho. Sir, you must make provision against
New danger, discontent is broke into
A wild rebellion, and many of your subjects
Gather in tumults, and give out they will
Revenge the Princes death.

Ki. This I did feare,
Where's *Gorbarnus*? O my frighr, my conscience,

Has

Has forties in't, where's *Gotharus*?

Ho. Not in the Court.

K. I tremble with confusions, *Exit*.

Qu. I am resolv'd, my joyes are all expir'd,
Nor can ambition more concern me now,
Gotharus has undone me in the death
Of my loved Sonne, his fate is next, while I
Move resolute i'll command his destiny. *Exit*.

Enter Gotharus.

Ho. How are we lost, the Prince *Turgesius* death
Is of no use, since 'tis unprofitable
To the great hope we stored up in *Haraldus*,
It was a cursed plot directed me
To raise his spirit, by those giddy engines
That have undone him, their souls reel to hell for't
How will *Marpisa* weep her selfe into
The obscure shade, and leave me here to grow
A statue with the wonder of our fate!

Enter Albina.

Al. Sir.

Go. Do not trouble me.

Al. Although

I am not partner of your joyes or comfort,
Yet let your cruelty be so mindfull of me
I may divide your sorrows.

Go. Would thy sufferings

Could ease me of the weight, I would
Empty my heart of all that's ill, to sinke thee,
And bury thee alive, thy sight is hatefull,
Aske me not why, but in obedience
Fly hence into some wilderness. The Queen.

Enter Queen. *Exit Alb.*

Go. Great Queen, did any sorrow lade my bosome,
But what does almost mase it for *Haraldus*,

Your

Your presence would revive me, but it seems
 Our hopes and joyes in him grew up so mighty,
 Heaven became jealous, we should undervalue,
 The blifs of th'other world, and build in him
 A richer Paradise.

Qu. I have mourn'd already
 A mothers part, and fearing thy excess
 Of griefe, present my selfe to comfort thee,
 Tears will not call him back, and 'twill become us
 Since we two are the world unto our selves,
 (Nothing without the circle of our arm's
 Precious and welcome) to take heed our griefe
 Make us not oversoon, like him that dead,
 And our blood useles.

Go. Were you present Madam,
 When your Sonne dyed?

Qu. I was.
Go. And did you weep?
 And with him live, and would not heaven at
 Your wish, return his wandering Ghost agen?
 Your voyce should make another out of Atomes;
 I do adore the harmony, and from
 One pleasant look, draw in more blessings
 Then death knows how to kill.

Ma. He is recovered from his passion.

Go. Whats this? ha?

Qu. Where?

Go. Here, like a sudden winter
 Struck on my heart, I am not well o'th sudden, ha?

Qu. My Lord, make use of this, 'tis Cordial,
Gives him a box of posson.
 I am often subiect to these passions,
 And dare not walk without this Ivory box
 To prevent danger, they are pleasant,
 'Tis a most happy opportunity.

Go. Let me present my thanks to my preserver,

Enter

Enter Albina.

And kiss your hand.

Qu. Our lips will meet more lovingly.

Al. My heart will break.

Qu. Your Lady, we are betray'd,
She see us kiss, and I shall hate her for't.

Go. Does this offend your vertue?

Alb. Y'are merc iless,
You shall be a less Tyrant fir to kill me,
Injurious Queen!

Qu. Shall I be here affronted?
I shall not think *Gotharus* worth my love,
To let her breath forth my dishonour, which
Her passion hath already dared to publish,
Nor wanted she before an impudence
To throw this poyson in my face.

Go. I'll tame her.

Exit.

Alb. I wo't not curse you Madam, but you are
The Cruel'st of all woman kind,
I am prepared to meet your tyrannies.

*Enter Gotharus with a Pistol, at the other
doore, a servant.*

Ser. My Lord,
We are undone, the common people are
In arms, and violently assault our house,
Threatning your Lordship with a thousand deaths,
For the good Prince, whose murder they exclaime
Contriv'd by you.

Go. The fiends of hell will shew more mercy to me,
Where shall I hide me?

Qu. Alas they'll kill me too.

Se. There's no staying, they have broke the wall of
the first Court,
Down at some window fir.

Albina takes up the Pistol.

Go. Helpe me, O help me, I'me lost.

Within--- Down with the doors,

This way, this way.

Enter Rebels.

Al. He that first moves this way

Comes on his death, I can dispatch but one,

And take your choise.

(you

1. Alas good Madam, we do not come to trouble

You have sorrow enough, we would talk

With my Lord your pagan husband.

2. I, I, where is he?

3. That Traytor.

4. Murderer of our Prince.

Al. Y^e are not well informed,

Aquinas kill'd the Prince.

2. But by my Lords correction

We know his heart, and do meane to eat it.

Therefore let him appeare, knock down the Lady

You with the long bill.

Al. How dare you runne the hazard of your lives

And fortunes, thus like out-laws, without authority

To break into our houses, when you have done,

What fury leads you to't, you will buy too dear

Repentance at the Gallows.

2. Hang the Gallows, and give us my Lord your

Enter Servant.

(husband,

Ser. He's escap'd Madam, now they may search.

Enter more Rebels.

(trai'd.

Al. But where's the Queene, she must not be be-

1. This way, this way, he got out of a window,

And leap'd a wall, follow, follow.

Within--- Follow, follow, follow.

Al. O my poor *Gotharus*.

Enter Queen.

Al. Madam, you are secure, though you pursued

My death, I wish you safety.

Qu. I have been

Too

Too cruell, but my fate compell'd me to't. *Exit.*

Al. I am become the extreamest of all miseries.
Oh my unhappy Lord. *Exit.*

Enter Sueno.

Su. *Helga* is hanged, what will become of me?
I think I were best turn Rebel, there's no hope
To walk without a guard, and that I shall not
Want to the Gallows, heathen Halberdiers
Are used to have a care, and do rejoyce
To see men have good ends.

Enter Gotharus.

Go. I am pursued.

Su. My Lord *Gotharus*? worfe and worfe, oh for a
mist before his eyes.

Go. You sha' not betray me sir.

Su. Hold my Lord, I am your servant, honest *Sueno*.

Go. *Sueno*, off with that case, it may secure me,
Quickly, or——

Su. Oh my Lord, you shall command my skin,
Alas poor Gentleman, I'm glad I have it
To do your Lordship service.

Go. Nay, your beard too?

Su. Yes, yes, any thing:

Alas my good Lord, how comes this?

Go. Leave your untimely prating, help,
You'l not betray me.

Su. Ple first be hanged.

Within---Follow, follow.

(ward

Go. Hell stop their throats; so, so, now thy re-

Su. It was my duty, troth sir I will have nothing.

Go. Yes, take that, and that, for killing of *Haral-*
du.

Wounds him

Now I'm sure you will not prate.

Su. O murder.

Within---Follow, follow.

Go. I cannot scape, oh help invention.

*He bloodies himselfe with Sueno's
blood, and falls down as dead.*

Enter Rebels.

1. This way they say he went, what's he?

2. One of our company I think.

3. Who kil'd him?

4. I know not.

2. Lets away, if we can find that Traytor,

He shall pay for all:

4. Oh that I had him here, I'de teach him---

2. This way, this way.

Su. Oh.

3. Stay, There's one groans.

Su. Oh---

2. Nay 'twas hereabouts, another dead?

4. He has good cloathes, *Gotharus*? the very cur.

3. 'Tis *Gotharus*, I have seen the dog.

2. 'Tis he, 'tis he.

Su. Oh.

Exit Gotha.

2. Now 'tis not he, if thou canst speak my friend--

Su. *Gotharus* murdered me, and shifted cloathes,
He cannot be far off, oh.

1. Thats he that lyes dead yonder, O that he were
Alive againe, that we might kill him one after ano-
ther.

3. He's gone:

2. The Devill he is, follow, follow.

3. This way, he cannot scape us, farewell friend,
i'll doe thee a courtesy.

Follow, follow.

Exit.

Enter Olaus, Prince, Aquinus.

Ol. So, so, in this disguise you may to'th Army,
Who though they seem to scatter, are to meet

By

By my directions, honest *Aquinas*, you
You wait on the Prince, but sir——

Whispers.

Cor. Were you not wounded?

(tharus)

Aq. I prepared a privie Coat, for that I knew Go-
Would have been too busie with my flesh else,
But he thinks I'm slaine by the Duke, and hugges
His fortune in't.

Pr. You'l follow.

Ol. And bring you news, perhaps the Rabble are
In hot pursuite after the Polititian,
He cannot scape them, they'l teare him like
So many hungry Mastives. *Exit.*

Pr. I could wish they had him.

Ol. Lose no time, *Cortes* stay you with me,
Not that I think my house will want your guard.

Cor. Command me sir.

Ol. Whas ever such a practise by a father,
To take away his Sonnes life?

Pr. I would hope he may not be so guilty, yet I
know not

How his false terrors multiplied by the Art
Of this *Gotharus* may prevaile upon him,
And win consent.

Ol. *Aquinas* has been faithfull,
And deceived all their treasons, but the Prince
Is still thought dead, this empty Coffine shall
Conferme the people in his funerall,
To keep their thoughts revengful,

Within. Follow, follow---

Till we are posselt of him that plotted all.

Cor. The cry draws this way,
They are excellent Blood-hounds.

Enter Gotharus:

Go. As you are men, defend me from the rage
Of the devouring multitude; I have

Deserv'd your anger, and a death, but let not
My limbs inhumanely be torne by them,
O save me.

Within. Follow, foll---

Ol. Blest occasion. (plore

Go. I am forced to take your house, and now im-
Your mercy, but to rescue me from them,
And be your own revenger, yet my life
Is worth your preservation for a time;
Do it, and i'll reward you with a story
You'll not repent to know.

Ol. You cannot be safe here,
Their rage is high, and every doore
Must be left open to their violence,
Unlesse you will obscure you in this Coffin,
Prepared for the sweet Prince that's murder'd,
And but expects his body which is now
imbalming.

Go. That, O y're charitable.

Within. Follow, fol---

Go. Their noise is Thunder to my soul,
He goes into the Coffin.

So, so.

Enter Rebels. (mult,

Ola. How now Gentlemen, what means this Tu-
Do you know that I possesse this dwelling?

Reb. Yes my Lord,
But we were told my Lord *Gotharns* entred,
And we beseech you give him to our justice,
He is the common enemy, and we know he killed the
Prince.

Ol. You may search if you please,
He can presume of small protection here,
But I much thank you for your loyalties,
And service to the Prince, whose bloodless ruines
Are there, and do but wait when it will please

His

His father to reverse a cruell sentence,
That keeps him from a buriall with his Ancestors,
We are forbid to do him rights of funerall.

1. How, not bury him?

2. Forbid to bury our good Prince? we'l bury him,
And see what Priest dare not assist us. (triumph

3. Not bury him? we'l do't, and carry his body in
Through the City, and see him laid ith great
Tombs

1. Not bury our Prince? that were a jest indeed.

Cor. 'Tis their love and duty. (will.

2. We'l pull the Church down, but we'l have our

3. Deare Prince, how sweet he smells.

1. Come Countrymen march, and see who dares
Take his body from us.

Cor. You cannot helpe.

Ol. They'l bury him alive.

Cor. He's in a fright.

Ol. So may all Traytors thrive.

Exeunt.

Act. 5.

Enter King and Queene.

Ki. OH I am lost, and my soul bleeds to thinke
By my own dotage upon thee.

Qu. I was curst
When I first saw thee, poor wind-shaken King!
I have lost my Sonne.

Ki. Thy honour impious woman,
Of more price then a Sonne, or thy own life,
I had a sonne too, whom my rashness sent
To another world, my poor Turgesius,

What

What sorcery of thy tongue and eyes betraid me?

Qu. I would I had been a Basilisk, to have shot
A death to thy dissembling heart, when I
Gave my selfe up thy Queen; I was secure,
Till thou with the temptation of greatness
And flattery, didst poyson my sweet peace,
And shall thy base feares leave me now a prey
To Rebels?

Ki. I had been happy to have left
Thee sooner, but be gone, get to some wildernesse
Peopled with Serpents, and engender with
Some Dragon like thy self.

Qu. Ha, ha.

(man?)

Ki. Dost laugh thou prodigie? thou shame of wo-

Qu. Yes, and despise thee dotard, vex till thy soul
Break from thy rotten flesh, I will be merry
At thy last groan.

Ki. O my poor boy! my sonne!
His wound is printed here, that false *Gotharus*,
Your wanton Goat I feare, practis'd with thee
His death.

Qu. 'Twas thy own aet and timerous heart, in hope
To be secure, I glory in the mention
Thou murderer of thy sonne.

Enter Hormenus.

Ho. Oh sir, if ever, stand upon your guard,
The Army which you thought scattered and broke,
Is grown into a great and threatning body,
Lead by the Duke *Olaus* your lov'd Uncle,
Is marching hither, all your subjects fly to him.

Exit.

Qu. Ha, ha.

(ter,

Ki. Curse on thy spleene, is this a time for laugh-
When horror should afflict thy guilty soule?
Hence mischief.

Qu.

Qu. Not to obey thee, (shadow of a King)
Am I content to leave thee, and but I wo't not
Prevent thy greater sorrow and vexation,
Now I would kill thee coward.

K. Treason, treason.

Qu. I, I, Who comes to your rescue ?

Ki. Are all fled ?

Qu. Slaves do it naturally.

Ki. Canst thou hope to scape ?

Qu. I am mistress of my fate, and do not feare
Their inundation, their Army comming,
It does prepare my triumph, they shall give
Me libertie, and punish thee to live.

Ki. Undone, forsaken, miserable King !

Exeunt severally.

*Enter Prince, Olaus, Cortes, Aquinus,
Souldiers.*

Pr. Worthy *Aquinus*, I must honour thee,
Thou hast preserv'd us all, thy service will
Deserve a greater monument then thanks.

Aq. Thank the Duke, for breaking o' my pate.

Ol. I know 'twas well bestow'd, but we have now
Proof of thy honest heart. (meane

Aq. But what with your highness favour, do you
To do with your father ?

Pr. Pay my duty to him,
He may be sensible of his cruelty,
And not repent to see me live.

Ol. But with your favour, something else must be
Considered, there's a thing he calls his Queen,
A limbe of Lucifer, she must be rosted
For the Armies satisfaction.

Aq. They'l ne'r digest her,
The Kings hounds may be kept hungry
Enough perhaps, and make a feast upon her.

Pr. I wonder how the rabble will bestow

K

The

The Coffin,

Ol. Why, they'l bury him alive
I hope.

Pr. Did they suppose my body there?

Ol. I'm sorry, he will fare so much the better,
I would the Queen were there to comfort him,
Oh they would smell, and sweat together rarely.

Aq. He dare as soon be damn'd as make a noise,
Or stirre, or cough.

Ol. If he should sneeze.

Cor. 'Tis his best course to go into the ground
With silence.

Pr. March on, stay, what Trumpets that?

*Enter Rebels with a Trumpet before the
Coffin marching.*

Ol. They are no enemies, I know the Coffin:

Aq. What rusty Regiment ha' we here? (ver'd;

Ol. They are going to bury him, he's not yet disco-
Oh do not hinder 'em, 'tis a work of charity:
Yet now I do consider better on't,
You may do well to shew your selfe, that may
Be a meanes to waken the good Gentleman,
And make some sport before the rascall smell,
And yet he's in my nostrill, he has perfum'd
His box already.

Om. Reb. 'Tis he, 'tis he, the Prince alive! hey.

*They see the Prince throw downe the Coffin, and
runne to kneele and embrace him.*

Aq. What would he give but for a knife to cut
His own throat now?

Om. Rebel. Our noble Prince alive?

Pr. That owes himselfe to all your loves.

Aq. What? what trinkets ha' you there? (dy,

Reb. The Duke Olans told us 'twas the Princes bo-
Which

Which we resolv'd to bury with magnificence.

Aq. So it appears.

Ol. 'Tis better as it is. (sensible,

2. *Reb.* There's something in't, my shoulder is still
Lets search, stand off— (forgive

Ol. Now do you sent him Gentlemen? he w'od
The hangman to dispatch him out o'th way;
Now will these Masties use him like a Cat,
Most dreadfull Rogues at an execution:
Now, now.

1 *Reb.* 'Tis a man, ha *Gotharus*, the thing we whet
our teeth for.

Om. Reb. Out with the traytor, and with the murder-
derer, hey, drag him.

Ol. I told you.

1 *Reb.* Hold, know your dutie fellow renagades,
We do beseech thee high and mighty Prince,
Let us dispose of what we brought, this traytor
He was given us by the Duke, fortune has
Thrown him into our teeth.

Ol. And they'l devour him.

Om. We beseech your highness. (boone;

Ol. I doe acknowledge it, good sir grant their
. And try the Caniballs.

2. Ile have an arme.

3. Ile have a legge, I am a Shoemaker,
His shinbone may be useful.

4. I want a signe, give me his head.

Pr. Stay, let's first see him, is he not stifled?

3. I had rather my wife were speechlesse.

Ol. The Coffin sir was never close.

Pr. He does not stirre.

1. We'l make him stir, hang him, he's but asleepe.

2. He's dead, hum. (him.

Ol. Dead? Then the Devill is not so wise as I took

Pr. He's dead, and has prevented all their fury.

Aq. He was not smother'd, the Coffin had aire enough.

Ol. He might ha' liv'd to give these Gentlemen some content.

1 Reb. Oh let us teare his limbs.

Pr. Let none use any violence to his body,
I feare he has met reward above your punishment.

2. Let me have but his clothes.

3. He is a Taylor.

2. Onely to cut out a sute for a Tarytor by 'em,
Or any man, my conscience would wish hang'd.

4. Let me have a button for a relique--

Pr. No more.

Ol. There is some mystery in his death.

Enter King.

The King? obscure a little nephew--

Ki. To whom now must I kneel? where is the King?

For I am nothing, and deserve to be so,

Unto you Uncle must I bow, and give

My Crown, pray take it, with it give me leave

To tell you, what it brings the hapless wearer,

Beside the outside glory: for I am

Read in the miserable fate of Kings.

You thinke it glorious to command, but are

More subject then the poorest payes you dutie,

And must obey your fears, your want of sleepe,

Rebellion from your Vassals, wounds even from

Their very tongues, whose quietnesse you sweat for,

For whose dear health you waste, and fright your

Strength to palenesse, and your blood into a frost.

You are not certaine of a friend or servant,

To build your faith upon, your life is but

Your subjects murmur, & your death their sacrifice;

When looking past your selfe, to make them blest

In your succession, which a wife must bring you;

You may give up your libertie for a smile

As

As I ha' done, and in your bosome cherish
More danger then a warre or famine brings,
Or if you have a sonne---my spirits faile me
At naming of a sonne.

Pr. Oh my deare father. (should

Ki. Ha! do not fright me in my tears, which
Be rather blood, for yeelding to thy death,
I have let fall my penitence, though I was
Counsel'd by him whose truth I now suspect,
In the amaze and puzzle of my state.--

Pr. Dear sir, Let not one thought afflict you more,
I am preserv'd to be your humble sonne still,
Although *Gotharus* had contriv'd my ruine,
'Twas counterplotted by this honest Captaine.

Ki. I know not what to credit, art *Turgesius*?

Pr. And do account your blessing, and forgiveness
(If I have err'd) above the whole worlds Empire.
The Armie sir is yours.

Ol. Upon conditions----

Pr. Good sir---and all safety meant your person:

Ol. Right, but for your gipsie Queene, that Co-
catrice.

Ki. She's lost.

Ol. The Devil find her.

Ki. She's false.

Ol. That Gentleman

Jack in a Box, if he could speake,
Would cleare that point.

Ki. Forgive me gentle boy.

Pr. Dear sir no more.

Aq. Best dismiss these Gentlemen.

Ol. The Princes bountie, now you may go home;
And d'ee heare, be drunk to night, the cause re-
quires it.

I R. We'll shew our selves good subjects.

Om. Heaven bless the King and Prince, and the
good Duke.

Exeunt.

Ki.

Ki. My comforts are too mighty, let me pour
More blessings on my boy.

Pr. Sir, I am blest.

If I stand faire in your opinion.

Ki. And welcome, good *Olaus*.

Ol. Y^e are deceiv'd,

I am a Ruffian, and my head must off
To please the Monkey Madam that bewitch'd you,
For being too honest to you.

Ki. We are friends.

Ol. Upon condition that you will ———

Ki. What?

Ol. Now have I forgot what I would have,
Oh that my *Ladie Circe* that transform'd you,
May be sent ——— whether? I ha' forgot agen,
To the Devil, any whether, far enough:
A curse upon her, she troubles me both when
I think on her, and when I forget her.

Enter Albina.

Ki. *Gotharus* wife, the sorrowful *Albina*.

Al. If pittie dwell within your royal bosome,
Let me be heard; I come to find a husband,
Ile not believe what the hard hearted rebels
Told me, that he is dead, (they lov'd him not,
And wish it so) for you would not permit
His murder here. You gave me, sir, to him
In holy marriage, i'le not say, what sorrow
My poor heart since hath been acquainted with,
But give him now to me, and i'le account
No blessing like that bountie; where, oh where
Is my poor Lord? none tell me? are you all
Silent, or deaf as Rocks? yet they sometimes
Do with their hollow murmurs, answer men.
This does increase my fears, none speak to me?
I aske my Lord from you sir, you once lov'd him,

He

He had your bosome, who hath torne him thence ?
 Why do you shake your head ? and turn away ?
 Can you resolve me sir ? the Prince alive ?
 Whose death they would revenge upon *Gothorns*.
 O let me kisse your hand, a joy to see
 You safe, doth interrupt my grieife, I may
 Hope now my Lord is saf too, I like not
 That melancholly gesture ; why do you make
 So dark your face, and hide your eies, as they
 Would shew an interest in sorrow with me.
 Where is my Lord ? can you or any tell me
 Where I may find the comfort of mine eies,
 My husband ; or but tell me that he lives,
 And I will pray for you---then he is dead
 Indeed I feare.

Pr. Poor Ladie.

Aq. Madam be comforted.

Al. Why that's well said, I thank you gentle sir,
 You bid me be comforted, blessing on you,
 Shew me now reason for it, tell me something
 I may believe.

Aq. Madam, your husbands dead.

Al. And did you bid me sir be comforted (him ?
 For that ? oh you were cruel ; dead ? who murdered
 For though he lov'd not me in life, I must
 Revenge his death.

Pr. Alas you cannot.

Al. No ?

Will not heaven heare me think you ? for i'll pray
 That horror may pursue the guiltie head
 Of his black murderer, you doe not know
 How fierce and farall is a widowes curse ;
 Who kil'd him ? saie.

Aq. We know not.

Al. Y'are unjust.

Pr. Pursue not sorrow with such inquisition
 Ladie.

Al.

Al. Not I? who hath more interest? (him)
Ki. The knowledge of what circumstance depriv'd
 Of life, will not availe to his return;
 Or if it would, none here know more, then that
 He was brought hither dead in that inclosure.

Al. Where?

Aq. In that Coffin Ladie.

Al. Was it charitie
 Made this provision for him? oh my Lord
 Now may I kisse thy wither'd lip, discharge
 Upon thy bosome a poor widowes tears; (dutie,
 There's something tempts my heart to shew more
 And wait on thee to death, in whose pale dresse
 Thou dost invite me to be reconcil'd.

Ki. Remove that Coffin.

Al. Y'are uncharitable;
 Is't not enough that he is rob'd of life
 Among you, but you'l rob me of his bodie?
 Poor remnant of my Lord; I have not had
 Indeed so many kisses a great while,
 Pray do not envie me, for sure I sha'not
 Die of this surfet, he thought not I was
 So neare to attend him in his last and long
 Progresse, that built this funerall tenement
 Without a roome for me; the sad *Albina*
 Must sleepe by her dead Lord, I feel death coming,
 And as it did suspect, I durst not look
 On his grim visage, he has drawn a curtaine
 Of mist before my eies.

Ki. Look to the Ladie.

Pr. Look to *Albina*, our Physitians,
 There is not so much vertue more i'th Kingdome:
 If she survive this passion, she is worth
 A Prince, and I will court her as my blessing.
 Say, is there hope?

Phy. There is.

Pr. Above your lives preserve her.

Phy. With our best art and care.

Exit with Albina.

Ol. She has almost made me woman too; but
Come to other business.

Enter Queen.

Aq. Is not this the Queen?

Ol. The Queen of hell, give her no hearing, but
Shoot, shoot her presently without more repentance,
There is a lecherous Devil in her eye,
Give him more fire, his hell's not hot enough,
Now shoot.

Pr. Be temperate good sir.

Qu. Nay let his cholerick highness be obey'd.

Aq. She is shot-free.

Qu. The Prince alive? where is *Gotharus*?

Ol. Your friend that was.

Qu. It is confess.

Ol. Your Stallion.

Qu. He has more titles sure.

Ol. Let but some strangle her in her own haire.

Qu. The office will become a noble hangman.

Ol. Whore —

Qu. He not spend my breath upon thee,
I have more use on't, does *Gotharus* live?

Aq. You may conjecture Madam, if you turn
Your eyes upon that object.

Qu. It has wrought then.

Ki. What has wrought?

Qu. His Physick sir,
For the state Megrim.

A wholesome poyson, which in his poor feares,
And fainting when the Rebels first pursu'd him,
It was my happineffe to minister

In my poor boyes revenge, kil'd by his practise.

Pr. Poyson'd.

Ol. She is turn'd Doctor.

Qu. He becomes

Deaths pale complexion, and now I'm prepar'd

Pr. For what?

Qu. To die.

Ol. Prepar'd to be damn'd, a seven years killing
Will be too little.

Qu. I pittie your poor rage,
I sha' not stay so long, nor shall you have
The honour fir to kill me.

Ol. No, let me trie.

Qu. Ha, ha.

Ol. Dost thou laugh Helcat?

Qu. Yes, and scorne all your furies, I was not
So improvident, to give *Gotharus* all
My cordiall, you may trust the operation,
Here's some to spare, if any have a mind
To taste, and be assur'd, will you my Lord?
'Twill purge your choler rarely.

Ol. He not be your patient I thank you.

Qu. This box was ever my companion,
Since I grew wicked with that Polititian,
To prevent shameful death, nor am I coy
To pleasure a friend in't.

Ol. Devils charity.

Qu. It works with method, and doth kill dis-
Without a noise, your Mercury is a rude
And troublesome destroyer to this medicine;
I feel it gently seize upon my vitals,
'Tis now the time to steale into my heart.

Ki. Hast thou no thought of heaven?

Qu. Yes, I do think
Sometimes, but have not heart enough to pray;
Some vapour now rises twixt me and heaven,
I cannot see't, lust and ambition ruin'd me.

If greatnesse were a priviledge i'th other
World, it were a happinesse to die a Queene,
I find my conscience too late, 'tis bloody,
And full of stainses, oh I have been so wicked,
'Twere almost impudence to aske a pardon,
Yet for your own sakes pittie me, survive
All happie, and if you can, forgive, forgive.

Morison.

Ki. Those accents yet may be repentance.

Pr. See's dead.

Ki. Some take their bodies hence.

Pr. Let them have buriall.

Ki. 'Tis in thee *Turgesius*

To dispose all, to whom I give my Crown;
Salute him King by my example.

Pr. Stay,

Upon your dutie staie, will you be traytors,
Consent your lawful King should be depos'd?
Sir, do not wound your Son, and lay so great
A stain upon his hopeful, his green honour,
I now enjoy good mens opinions,
This change will make 'em think I did conspire,
And force your resignation, were it still
By justice and your selfe, it shall not touch
My brow, till death translate you to a Kingdome
More glorious, and you leave me to succeed,
Better'd by your example in the practise
Of a Kings power and dutie.

Ki. This obedience

Will with excess of comfort kill thy father,
And hasten that command thou wouldst decline.

Pr. Receive this Captain, and reward his faith
To you and me.

Ki. Be Captaine of our guard.

And my good Uncle, to your eare I leave
The Souldiers, let the largesse speak our bountie
And your love.

Ol. I, this sounds well fellow Souldiers,
Trust me beside your pay for the Kings bountie. W

Within Sol. Heaven preserve
The King and Prince.

Ol. Not a short prayer for me?

Om. Sol. Heaven bless the Duke, heaven bless the
Duke.

Ol. Why so, money will do much.

Ks. A bright daie shines upon us, come my sonne,
Too long a stranger to the Court, it now
Shall bid thee welcome, I do feel my years
Slide off, and joy drown sorrow in my tears.

To bid whom I give my Crown **Exit**

Upon your daie late, will be traitors
Consent your lawfull King should be depos'd?
Sir, do not wound your son, and lay to give
A stain upon his honest, his great honour,

I now enjoy good mens opinions,
This change will make, 'em think I did conspire,
And force your resignation, were it still
By justice and your selfe, it shall not touch

FINIS.
My brow, till death, and you to a Kingdom
More glorious, and you leave me to succeed,
Better'd by your example in the practise
Of a Kings power and dutie.

Ks. This obedience
Will with excels of comfort kill thy father

And hasten that command thou wouldst decline.
To you and me.

Ks. Be Captaine of our guard.
And my good lieth, to your care I leave

The souldiers, let the trumpet speak our bountie
And your love.